and vexatious proceedings, arising from his becoming the judge and referee in cases where no appeal can be made from his decisions.

3. That the increase of duties is unaccompanied with any corresponding increase of fees.

4. That his holding office at the will and pleasure of a triumvirate, and that triumvirate liable to constant change, and such a body being more accessible and likely to be influenced by extraneous causes than a body of some three hundred magistrates, does not place him in as *independent* a position as the one he had previously occupied.

5. That the establishment of a "Court of Metropolitan Buildings is the one redeeming feature of the Bill."

It appears to me, therefore, desirable to frame clauses whereby these objections may be met. The Bill is I know a popular one among the surveyors, but the tide will turn when they discover what duties they have agreed to undertake, and by how frail a tenure they hold office."

A deputation from the District Surveyors' Association, consisting of Mr. Pownall, Mr. Gutch, Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Hesketh, and Mr. Richards, had an interview with Lord Seymour on Saturday, and, we believe, obtained the promise of amendment in several particulars to which we have objected.

## PROPOSALS FOR ESTABLISHING A SCHOOL FOR ART-WORKMEN.

"BECOME," said Professor Cockerell, in one of his last lectures, "acquainted with the *handicraft* of labour,—thus combining the skill of the head and hand."

"There can be no doubt," say the Society of Arts, through their chairman, Mr. H. Cole, "that the Exhibition will give rise to many new relations between men and things: already a stronger connection between the artist and the manufacturer is springing up beneficial to both. It will be the duty of the Society to *foster* this connection; and they feel that much remains to be done to educate the mass of the people in the perception and practice of art, which the Exhibition is likely to make too apparent: and taking advantage of the lesson we are likely to be taught, the Society propose making an effort to establish elementary *drawing* and *modelling* schools throughout the country. They have submitted this to his Royal Highness, the president, and he has expressed his approval of it, thinking it may prove useful."

In what respect schools thus constituted for the purpose of teaching drawing and modelling differ from the present schools of design, *except in name*, does not appear; but even this difference, slight as it may seem, is of no small importance.

It should be observed, that Mr. Cole proposes to establish elementary schools for drawing and modelling. He has probably seen that the majority of those who enter the School of Design enter it under the full impression that something is taught of which they know nothing, but have a vague idea of something which is to raise them entirely above their fellows. He has avoided this, and proposes only a school in which drawing and modelling are to be taught. Let him go further, and use the power now possessed by the Society of Arts, and offer to the workman the means of improving himself in the way in which such improvement can really benefit him and others,—by teaching him to carry out the ideas of the artist,—by showing him what that work is, and how he is to render it, and to tell him when he has done it,—to make him an art-workmen,—to make his labour more valuable, and his pay better,—and to create, as it soon would do, a national want.

I say, to create a *national want*—a thing of no little importance, and which will in no very long time *force* itself on the attention of thinking men. The vast power of machinery growing more and more omnipotent every day, doing, as it will do and is almost doing, all the work of society, and the increase of population beyond the call for their labour, and consequently beyond the means of subsistence, as is proved by the vast numbers of the unemployed feeding at the public expense, makes this a subject of singular interest, even to those who are altogether indifferent to art. To cope with this necessarily growing evil, the combined increase of machinery and population, should be the endeavour of a society such as this; and how can they better do it than by creating a national want, by so raising the character of art as to place it beyond the power of machinery to imitate,—a thing perhaps more easily done than many might be disposed to think. Indeed, it is partly already done to their hand: they have only to *foster* it: already the public are beginning to feel dissatisfied with all objects, even in daily use, which have not some mark about them of art, and which, by a judicious example set by the upper classes of society in such matters, would be speedily spread, for it will be found that each layer of society lives, not in itself, but in the one immediately above it: it is the object of the one to creep into the other—to climb up; and this it does chiefly, as a matter of course, in a purely mercantile community such as ours, by the incessant pursuit and accumulation of wealth, and through the next most powerful feeling, the wish to be thought better than it is; to have, besides, more money, more *refinement*, more *gentility*—the evidence of this refinement being sought for, not in the mind, but in outward show—in the possession of works of art of all kinds—in pictures—the service of the table—in furniture, fine rooms, and dress. By thus taking advantage of a powerful feeling, common to all classes in society, a want, almost unknown but to a few, will in time be created,—the want not only of art, but of art workmanship. The Exhibition will probably itself do much towards creating it, by showing to the public what things ought to be, and will, perhaps, show the absolute necessity of the art-workman, by exhibiting the contrast between the workman as he exists in other countries and as he is here. By his works will he be known: there, in very many cases, will he be found to work with his *head* as well as hand: here, he is a workman and a workman only; and it will evidence, too, the great defect there is, not only in the design, but in the way in which the design is carried out—is *put together*, or *carved*, or *coloured*. It will, I hope, make the public dissatisfied with what is now called art, and make them ask for *art-workmanship* as well as art-design, and make them see the difference between art as it comes from the hand, and art as it comes from patent machinery. Our miserable shortcoming in this respect is already, I believe, a mournful fact to not a few. The late Marquis of Northampton said, at one of the meetings of the Society of Arts, "there is a great difficulty, almost an impossibility, in getting a workman competent to carry out even the most common-place design," and all who have ever made a design of anything which they have intrusted to a workman must have had it painfully made evident; for the thing, whatever it may be, when executed is scarcely known, even by the artist himself, so wretchedly is it worked. There is, indeed, no greater want now than art-workmen, skilful artisans in all the various trades in which art enters, intelligent men able to see the merits of any design intrusted to them, and able, and willing, and proud to carry it out.

I do not know that anything is necessary to prove to those to whom this letter is addressed, the incompetency of the workman as he now is; but a few instances of what he has done when at his best may not be amiss, and will assuredly disarm all opposition as far as *that fact* is concerned.

Let the reader go to St. Paul's and carefully look at the carving in stone (now *painted* unfortunately) or in wood, by Grinling Gibbons, and let him examine and note the masterly way in which the leaves, flowers, and fruit are grouped together, the freedom and life of the carving, and the wonderful delicacy of hand indicated in them. The leaves he will find to be not of lifeless stone, but living leaves, suddenly petrified. Let him recollect that all this is not by the very hand of Gibbon himself, although much of it is; but by his pupils and assistants, his workmen,—art-workmen educated and always under the eye of the great artist; for Gibbons, although an artist second to none, was not *above* (as we are in these days) carving foliage on a building: his fine mind was equally at home everywhere. No beautiful object in nature was beneath him: he scattered them everywhere: he carved the beautiful faces of children with a rare skill, and the same skill cut the simple leaves and flowers for Christopher Wren. And this is the true love of art: it comprehends and is equal to all things, and scatters them everywhere, knowing well that the eye of taste will find them, if not in its own, at least in a future age.

Now, then, let the reader, with all this in his mind, go to the palace of the Earl of Ellesmere, a work beyond all comparison the finest of its day, and let him examine, first, the very simplest thing that a workman in stone can be set to do, viz., the vermiculations in the quoin stones: how are they done? They are of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and styles of workmanship: in some they are rough, no vestige of a plain face, in others there is a fillet all through, half an inch wide; in some the vermiculations are cut deep into the stone, in others but just sunk; and yet this is the simplest and easiest thing, the design being given, that a workman can be put to do.

Now let him examine the flowers in the tympana of the windows, and how are they done? Not to find fault with the fact of all the windows being alike, having the same flowers, Wren would have varied them, for Gibbons would have found it *easier and far more delightful* to have made each window a study in itself: for to the real artist the greatest difficulty is to get two things alike. But these flowers are all alike, hard as the stone they are cut in, and lifeless as the mind of the workman: the connecting fibres are sticks; the flowers like star-fish, if like anything; and the leaves stiff as the stone they are cut in. Now let him steadily contemplate the strange animal forming the keystone of the doorway, and let him compare it with the masterly heads at Somerset-house, carved by the Academician Augustine Carlini, not for the purpose of comparing a human head with an animal's, but to compare artistic skill and mere chiselling together; and he will see that, let the *design* be what it may, without hands and heads capable *of carrying out* the idea of the master mind, the artist has worked in vain. Let it, too, be recollected that in this case there was no stint, no economy. The nobleman who built it built a palace,—not a town-hall, or a market-house, or a cheap church, but a noble palace; and let him recollect that its accomplished architect is no ordinary architect—with the idea before him in bits—lost in heterogeneous precedent which can never come together—and to whom the "office" is everything.

One more instance will perhaps suffice, and will convince the most sceptical. Let him go to Westminster Abbey, to the tomb of Aymer de Valence, and study the figures in the niches. Nothing in Greek art before the time of Phidias can be finer than the exquisite beauty and grace and finish of these figures: the design, drawing, and chiselling are as fine as they can be: they are sadly mutilated,—have been painted, but happily not yet destroyed by the restorer, and I wish I could hope that my calling your attention to them would induce some one to preserve them on paper before their destruction is determined on. The whole abbey is doomed, and their turn must come. So much for the drawing of figures and drapery by the Gothic artist: they completely put aside the common opinion that a figure to be *Gothic* must necessarily be badly drawn, ill-proportioned, and gaunt. What strikes us as fine in the stiff figure of the Gothic artist is not, as so many think, the *form* or the *drapery*, but the *life* and spirit there is in them—the life and spirit struggling through the hard lines and the quaint form. The Gothic artist was uninstructed in the drawing of the figure; he had

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